Supernatural, Castiel/any, being human isn't what he thought it would be

PG, warning for angst.

Oct. 5th, 2010 08:35 pm (UTC)

It's raining, and all Castiel can think is that he used to like rain, used to like how it fell in patterns on his skin and wings, and he used to like the noise rain made. He used to rejoice in its live giving capabilities and he used to praise his Father for its creation.

But now, now Castiel is shivering and huddling on a stoop, hoping that Dean will find him soon, that someone friendly will find him soon and take him in.

He's cold and wet and lonely and no, he doesn't like rain any more.